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sions a good word for his work. Of course, he can do this much better than the artist himself. He sees hundreds of Art-buyers every day; but the artist can only exhibit his picture and let it speak for itself. At first the Art-dealer makes the larger profit; but, when his *protégé* is established, the tables are turned. In this way the Art-dealer encourages true Art, and also makes money. Many of the best contemporaneous European painters have by this means been brought before the public, and been given a chance to become famous. American dealers could give American Art a good lift if they chose to."

"But is not European Art really superior to American Art?" I inquired; "and does not our present fondness for foreign works grow out of the better comparative quality of those works?"

"We all know," he replied, "that the position of landscape-painting in this country is at least as high as, if not higher than, in Europe; and, although the number of our good figure-painters may not be large, there is certainly in their pictures more originality than in the pictures of the average European figure-painter. With few exceptions, I admit that *genre*-painting is undeniably better across the Atlantic. But Eastman Johnson's work has indisputably more originality both in the conception and in the handling of his subject than that of most foreign artists. What Art in this country needs most of all is encouragement; and I am sure that Art-dealers who daily come in contact with large numbers of picture-buyers, and daily do much in instructing and developing the artistic tastes of picture-buyers, might become most valuable allies of American Art as well as of American artists."

A painter in any department of Art naturally magnifies the characteristic difficulties of that department; and perhaps it is impossible to tell whether landscapes or figures, or animals or marines, are the hardest subjects to paint. Mr. De Haas, as might have been expected, thinks that marines are the hardest; and his reasons for the opinion are fresh and bountiful. A coast-painter, he says, is only half a marine painter. A marine painter is a painter who can paint mid-ocean scenes as well. To do this it is necessary that he should go to sea, and become as familiar with the appearance and the handling of a ship and her rigging as a sailor is. He must learn how to put a vessel in position, what sails to use under different circumstances, what each particular rope is for, how the vessel appears at various times, how the water looks, what elements disturb it, and a thousand other things, a knowledge of which can be obtained only by going to sea." Mr. De Haas's practice has been accordant with his theory. He has been a sailor in the Dutch navy; he has cruised in the English Channel in pilot-boats and other craft; he has witnessed a great variety of noble sea-scenes, and has preserved the noblest of them in sketches. He has also crossed the Atlantic, and he knows how to sail a ship. But a figure-painter does not need to go out of his studio; he can bring his models to him. Mr. De Haas admits that it is

more difficult to make drawings of the human form in different positions than to make drawings of ships in different positions; but he thinks that if figure-painters would only try marine painting they would get a more adequate idea of its demands. Wave-drawing, sky-painting, and wave-colouring, would open their eyes, even if an attempt to represent a ship did not. For the sake of peace, however, he would concede to figure-painting an equal difficulty with that of marine painting. But he could not go further than that. The fact that there are so few good marine painters in this or any other country is undoubtedly an argument on his side of the fence.

"An artist's success," observed Mr. De Haas, "depends an immense deal upon the selection and arrangement of his subjects. Take two artists returning from the same charming place. One of them brings back fine subjects; the other subjects of no account at all. The difference is simply one of artistic taste. Artists as well as the public like this happy selection and arrangement of theme. Of course, as I have said, the public taste is not what an artist consults; on the contrary, it is his business to elevate it; and, if, while not desiring to please the public, an artist conscientiously labours to produce his truest and his best, his work is in the line of his own development and well-being. But by the display of a proper spirit he is often able to change a hostile taste. For example, people often want an artist to paint an impossible picture. They go to his studio, pick out a sketch that they like, a mid-day coast-scene, for instance, and ask him to make a sunset or a moonlight scene out of it. This thing can't be done, of course; but, if you take the trouble quietly to explain why it can't be done, they will see the reasons at once. Most intelligent persons sometimes make just such mistakes, simply because they have not had a special training. Very often they wish a picture painted from a high point of view—a point from which all creation is visible behind and before. A little explanation will convince them that such a representation would do for a panorama, but not for a picture. I suppose that every artist has such experiences in his studio."

Marine painters, as far as Mr. De Haas's observation goes, make mistakes oftenest in the position and in the drawing of vessels. These vessels are frequently represented in positions where neither the wind nor the currents of the scene could ever put them, and are also imperfectly drawn. Then, too, the rigging often assumes impossible aspects. Many of these pictures, of course, only a technically educated critic could competently criticise. Indeed, Art-criticism in general Mr. De Haas considers to be one of the most difficult of performances. Neither an artist nor any other person can easily give correct judgments respecting all kinds of pictures. A landscape-painter, for instance, who is not a thorough master of figure-painting, is ignorant of hundreds of things requisite to the proper criticism of such a work. Besides, even artists do not see things alike; and they widely differ in their estimates of Art-works.

THE GALLERY OF M. LAURENT RICHARD.



FEW private collections of pictures in Paris have enjoyed a more wide-spread and deserved reputation than has that of M. Laurent Richard. Though of no great extent, comprising only about a hundred and fifty paintings, it has been selected with so much care, and includes so many renowned names and so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, that its celebrity has been most justly earned. So valuable is this collection that, before the siege of Paris was commenced, it was transferred to London by its owner. For some reason, as yet unexplained, it is, at the moment that I write, advertised to be sold shortly at the Hôtel Drouot. Therefore, it will be as well to give some account of this remarkable collection before its final dispersion.

M. Richard seems to have possessed a peculiar admiration for the works of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and Diaz. Of works by the first-named master, the walls of his gallery display no less than ten, most of them striking and noteworthy examples of the sub-

dued yet heart-rending pathos so marvellously expressed by this great depicter of the realism and sadness of toil. Foremost among these is the great picture pronounced by many critics to be Millet's *chef-d'œuvre*—that remarkable work which was more than once refused by the jury of the *Salon*, and that proves to-day the inefficiency of human judgment and the power of petty prejudice. The picture in question is the well-known composition entitled 'Death and the Wood-cutter.' The incident is treated with a calm and impressive solemnity, and with a judicious avoidance of any of the repulsive or sensational elements which a less lofty and real talent could scarcely have failed to introduce into the scene. The skeleton form of Death, arrayed in a hooded chimere of white, turns its back to the spectator, a winged hour-glass upborne in one fleshless hand, while the other grasps the collar of the wearied wood-cutter. There is a strange, weird grace about this tall figure in its white, clinging garment. The wood-cutter has sunk down in a sitting posture by the side of the road. Death need not clasp him so firmly, for the victim seems well satisfied to go. What deep

pathos is there in the whole attitude of that broken-down, tired-out form, the relaxed hands spread out over the weighty bundle of faggots, relinquished ah how gladly! the listless feet in their heavy *sabots*, the soil and fatigue of labour on every line of the visage, and the poor, shabby clothes. And is it chance or intention that gave to the uplifted hand of Death the upward gesture of one who points out the pathway to a higher and happier land? It may be so, for it seems as though that white, resistless form was something more than the mere image of physical dissolution—rather the rest-bringer, the messenger of peace, the harbinger of slumber and of eternal repose. Profoundly mournful in its hidden meaning, therefore, is this noble work—the poor shall rest not till Death bring them sleep.

There is a pathos in Millet's pictures beyond that to be found in the works of any other modern painter. The delicate distresses, the sensational woes of the most dramatic of scenes, seem forced and unreal beside the unexpressed and unconsciously borne sorrows of his men and women from the workshop and the fields. Look, for example, at his little picture in this collection entitled 'The Dressmakers': an old woman and her daughter sewing busily at some dainty garment; the stolid face of the elder woman, who plods away at her daily task, with the fixed and settled purpose of one used to long years of such labour; and then the pale, unconscious prettiness of the girl, neither dainty nor sentimental, nor over-refined, yet delicate with youth and fragile health. Mark the slender features, the long, thin neck, that tells its story of privation and overwork, and then say if this little work be not sad with an undercurrent of mournfulness that is all Millet's own! Next we mark a larger work: a field-labourer bringing grain to the winnowing-machine; the knotted hands, the coarse visage, the faded garb, the ankle-bones protruding above the heavy *sabots*, are all eloquent of unending and ungrateful toil. There are many other works by Millet here: a young girl churning; a gleaner returning home beneath the setting sun; a woman bringing home her cow, at eventide, and pausing while the creature drinks at the shallow waters of a little stream, while in the background the smoke from the distant cottages rises in dusky spirals against the gold of the sunset sky. In all we find that same unutterable pathos—from all we turn to the great central canvas with its white, spare figure, beckoning onward the wood-cutter to eternal rest: therein Millet has shown the *dénoûment* of the homely tragedy of toil that he has painted so well.

Here is Corot in one of his most characteristic moments—a grey tinged morning scene with a mist-veiled sky, and trees and distance showing dimly through the morning vapours. Here, too, is his splendid 'Evening,' a picture that has been celebrated in verse by Théophile Gautier—a red-lit sunset sky above a lonely landscape, and on a glossy pool in the foreground a solitary figure pushing a boat to the shore. Here, too, is his 'Souvenir de Marissel,' which has been engraved, and his 'Souvenir d'Italie.' The Rousseaus are even more numerous, though scarcely more important. Wonderfully beautiful is 'Le Givre,' which also has been engraved, as indeed have been most of the nineteen examples by this master which the gallery contains. The 'Sunset after a Storm' shows a marvellous effect of lurid gold and crimson rays breaking through the heavy masses of cloud that gloom above the western horizon, while the shadows of coming night are stealing over the drenched fields and dripping trees. In lovely contrast is a morning scene—a sunny woodland with floating clouds and fitful gleams of golden sunshine that light the distance with broad bars of radiance. The celebrated 'Bords de l'Oise,' one of the best-known and most frequently engraved of Rousseau's works, forms one of the gems of the collection.

Here is Diaz in his every mood—"his flowers more beautiful than flowers, his suns more radiant than the sun," as the elder Dumas once described his works. Here is a 'Holy Family,' all glowing with warm colour like a summer peach; his 'Bathers;' and a group of flowers, with all the sunshine of summer on their silken petals. Next we come to a 'View in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' with that peculiar effect of sunshine streaming across a forest-path, which he knew so well how to reproduce. There is more than one of these sun-gleam pictures here; they light the wall as with a sudden effect of radiance. How truly was it said of this great artist that the sunlight is diminished since Diaz died!

Meissonier is represented by two works, an *aquarelle* and an oil-

painting. This last, which is of small size, is entitled 'The Two Van der Velde.' It represents the interior of an artist's studio, with a cavalier in a red cloak seated before an easel and examining the picture which it supports, while the painter stands behind him, palette in hand. The execution shows all the peculiar strength and minute finish, the wonderful *savoir faire* united with breadth of handling, which form the characteristics of Meissonier's talent. In colour this little work is extremely rich and effective, the red mantle of the sitting cavalier lighting the foreground into warmth and brightness. The *aquarelle* represents a procession of the municipal worthies of some French or Flemish town of the Middle Ages, a group of elderly heads painted with fine, sarcastic vigour, and so delicate in execution that the magnifying-glass that lies beside the frame is really needed to reveal all the beauty of the work.

It is hardly possible to examine a picture by Couture without a feeling of disappointment, so far do all his later works fall short of the supreme excellence of his 'Romans of the Decadence,' at the Luxembourg. When that great work was first exhibited at the *Salon*, the critics and the public alike hailed in its painter the coming artist, not alone of France, but of the world; for, in the force of its conception, and of its execution, there seemed a dawn of the grandiose qualities of the great masters of old. Yet that noble painting stands alone amid the list of Couture's works, not only unsurpassed but unapproached. His genius seems to have leaped up in one mighty jet of flame, and then sunk down to the calmer glow of a commonplace fire. There are two works from his pencil here, both well and vigorously painted, but betraying none of the great qualities of his *chef-d'œuvre*. One of these is a little picture entitled 'The Sick Pierrot.' Still in his white, loose jacket and black skullcap, Pierrot lies in bed, propped up by many pillows. The doctor, a physician of the last century, with cocked hat, black garb, and solemn visage, lays a finger upon his pulse, while with uplifted hand he motions back the servant who, armed with a warming-pan and a jug of hot water, would fain approach too near the bed. On the other side of the couch stands Harlequin, who turns his face to the wall with a gesture of despairing woe. Is poor Pierrot dying? or is it all a farce gotten up to cheat the doctor? The empty wine-bottles on the floor, and an inscription on the wall to the effect that Science makes the doctor see what does not exist, and hinders him from seeing what really is, would seem to point to the latter supposition. At all events, this doubt is a mistake. It has spoiled the effect of the subject. The other picture by Couture, which is also of small size, is called 'L'Orgie.' It represents an elegantly-furnished room, the scene of a revel after a *bal masqué*. The table is strewn with empty bottles and soiled glasses; the candles burn low and dimly in the lustres. The revellers, all save one, have succumbed to the potent influences of wine and weariness. A fair-haired girl, with disordered garments, lies upon the floor, her head supported on a footstool, and not far from her a young man, in a gorgeous mediæval costume, has fallen prostrate in a state of total insensibility. At one side sits another merry-maker, dressed as a harlequin, and resting his head on his crossed arms, in a drunken slumber. One young man, gaily dressed as a cavalier, with long, light curls falling from beneath his plumed hat, sits upon the table, and looks down upon his prostrate comrades. Something of the spirit of the 'Romans of the Decadence' may be discerned in this small and less ambitious work.

Roybet is seen at his best in this collection, particularly with the fine picture entitled 'The Chess-player,' which shows a cavalier seated before a table, on which is set out a chess-board, and smoking a pipe while waiting for the arrival of his adversary. Very fine in execution and very rich in colouring is this work, the warm crimson of the damask hangings in the background and the hues of the Turkey carpet that covers the table blending deliciously with the pale greys and yellows of the cavalier's costume of velvet and satin. The head is, however, rather coarse and commonplace in type for so gallantly-attired a gentleman. The manner in which the light strikes athwart the crossed legs of the cavalier and the sheen of his silken hose are most admirably represented. Less successful, though more ambitious, is his large composition entitled 'Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers of the Commonwealth.' Through an arched Gothic doorway, descending a flight of steps, comes the prisoner-king, escorted by his guards, to traverse the guard-room of the Puritan soldiery which occupies the foreground.

To the right sits a party of officers, drinking beer, some of whom look with curiosity on the approach of the king. At the other side a young officer turns away, as though unable to look on fallen greatness, and is reproved by a stern veteran beside him. Around the doorway cluster the brutal soldiers, hooting and yelling, while one old ruffian puffs tobacco-smoke in the king's face. The figure of Charles is one of the weakest points in the picture. Very dignified and graceful is he, and correctly costumed in black velvet, with falling point-lace collar, plumed hat, and long cane, but his face wears a worried, half-terrified aspect, and not the look of calm dignity which Charles never lost even under the most trying circumstances. Roybet, in painting his Charles, might have taken a lesson from the cold composure of the Marie Antoinette of Paul Delaroche.

But we have lingered too long over certain treasures in this rich collection, and have scarcely space left for a bare mention of others, almost equally noteworthy. Jules Dupré is represented here by landscapes and marine views, one of these last, a fishing-bark beneath a stretch of grey sky, the ocean heaving into foam-streaked billows, being a veritable gem. From the pencil of Delacroix we have a combat between two gaily-costumed Oriental horsemen, their steeds joining in the fray, and fighting as fiercely as their masters—a wonderful if unpleasant picture, full of energy and movement; and his 'Horses led from the Water,' this last well

known by engravings; as well as one or two of his admirable studies of animal life. Three Fromentins adorn the walls, one of which, 'The Hawking-Party,' has been frequently engraved, and is one of the most important works of this master now in private hands. A gorgeous Troyon, the 'Animals at Pasture,' is but one out of five examples of this artist possessed by M. Richard. The group of cattle in the foreground is worthy of the pencil of Paul Potter himself. Here are the oft-engraved 'Château d'Ornans,' by Courbet, and a view of a forest-shadowed mountain-stream, two fine examples of that strange erratic talent, too early quenched by dissipation and by the sorrows of exile. Isabey's 'Laboratory of an Alchemist' is a large and well-painted work, with strong effects of light and shade.

Among the pictures of the older masters we find a charming little head by Creuze; the 'Andromaque' of Prudhon (a small but important work); Fragonard's 'Pacha,' a singular effect of colour produced by superposing a mass of white drapery on a pale-yellow ground; a landscape by Crome; a head by Raeburn; and a large work by Dumesnil, 'The Young Artist,' which has been engraved, and which fully merited the honour.

In a few weeks this fine gallery will exist no longer. Dispersed to the four winds of heaven under the hammer of the auctioneer, its fragments will go to enrich other collections; and fortunate are those who have seen it in its collective beauty.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE ART-SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.



OR better or more comprehensive example can be found of the remarkable growth of interest for the Fine Arts in the United States than the development of Art-education in the city of Boston. Ten years ago the place for Art-instruction in the city was the Free Drawing-School of the Lowell Institute, where the rudimentary principles of the

art were taught in a routine way, the encouragement of an artistic spirit being scarcely thought of. Nevertheless, some of our noted American artists made their first beginnings in this school, and now, doubtless, look back with tenderness on their evenings in the dingy old rooms of the Institute. There was, indeed, a pretence of teaching drawing in the public schools, but it was simply as an ornamental accomplishment, without method and, naturally, without results. At this date, there is in the Boston public schools a system of instruction in drawing said to be equalled in completeness and thoroughness of organisation by the public-school system of no other city or country. It begins in the primary and continues through the grammar and high schools, with a normal drawing-school for the instruction of teachers, and free evening-schools of mechanical and industrial drawing in nearly every important section of the city. Then there are the Massachusetts State Normal Art-School, a school of wood-carving, the department of architecture in the Institute of Technology, the Lowell School of Practical Design in the same Institute, and the School of Art connected with the Museum of Fine Arts.

The first great impulse was given in 1870, when it became evident that, if New England was to maintain her supremacy in manufacturing, it could only be through the artistic superiority of her wares, for the time was coming when the coarser grades would be turned out in sections of the country nearer the regions where the raw materials were produced. As artistic excellence could only be obtained through skilled labour, a law was enacted by the State Legislature requiring every city and town of more than ten thousand inhabitants to maintain free evening-schools of mechanical and industrial drawing, and also making the study of drawing obligatory in the public schools. The city of Boston complied at once with the terms of the act, and the establishment of a thoroughly organised system was taken energetically in hand. The services of Mr. Walter Smith, Art-master at Leeds, England, and a graduate of the South Kensington School, were secured as general supervisor of drawing, and shortly afterwards he was also appointed State Director of Art-Education. The system now pursued in the State

and city was planned by him. Modelled on the South Kensington principles, with the addition of whatever has been found practicable and advisable in the system of other countries, it is claimed that the Massachusetts system is the most thorough and extensive in existence. The elements of original design from natural forms are taught in the grammar-schools, and a remarkable aptitude for designing has been developed among the pupils. Many really beautiful designs are shown in the annual exhibitions of drawings, and the practical results of the system are already evident in the children by the increase of their faculties of observation and a perceptible improvement in their taste. Instances are related of children criticising wall-paper and dress-goods from the standpoint of their instruction, and guiding their parents in their selection of such articles. The result of this will naturally be a demand for a more tasteful class of goods.

Great inconvenience was caused by the lack of trained teachers, and, to supply this deficiency, the system was crowned in 1872 by the establishment of the Massachusetts Normal Art-School, under the direction of the State Board of Education. The school is organised on the plan of that at South Kensington, but is said to be a considerable improvement on that institution. Mr. Walter Smith is the director of the school and also professor of Art-Education, Theory, and Practice. Mr. William R. Ware is Professor of Architectural Design, and there are also twelve instructors and lecturers in the various departments of Art. The course extends through four years, and there are four classes. So far, the school has justified all expectations, although, naturally, it has not reached the full measure of its efficiency. The greatest drawback thus far has been found in the lack of knowledge of the rudimentary principles on the part of the entering students. This was one of the considerations which led to the establishment of the school at the Museum of Fine Arts, and it is now proposed to make a proficiency such as would be attained by a year of study at this or some other school of equal grade the condition of admission to the Normal Art-School.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts was opened in its spacious new building in the summer of 1876, and in the following autumn a School of Art was established in connection with the institution, and assigned temporary but convenient quarters in the basement of the museum. We are so accustomed to hear the application of high-sounding phrases and names in America, that it is indeed remarkable to find an institution doing more and better work than it claims to do. But whoever has watched the course of this school can